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Some jobs are just too tough for your average fast-talkin' high-tech gun-for-hire. Sometimes...to get the job done right...you need someone crazier than a sack'a ferrets. You need Wade Wilson. The Crimson Comedian. The Regeneratin' Degenerate. The Merc with a Mouth...

DEADPOOL

Deadpool recently did some good old-fashioned pirating but quickly lost interest in that whole gig. So he set sail to soul search and, well, do something good with his life for a change.

Eventually, Deadpool found himself in San Francisco. Home of sourdough, full houses, and most recently the X-Men! There Deadpool tried to blend in with the local color at a nearby sailor bar and managed to catch the tail end of Cyclops's televised announcement that the X-men were forming their very own island nation off the coast of San Francisco called Utopia. Right then he found the inspiration and purpose he'd been looking for: Deadpool was gonna be an X-Man!

But not all of the X-Men were excited to hear that. In fact...none of them were. So Cyclops, the X-Men's leader, sent the Merc packing. Then Cyclops, worried that a rejected Deadpool might cause trouble in San Francisco, sent Domino to offer Deadpool a probationary spot on the team until they can figure out what to do with him. Deadpool accepted, donning a homemade X-Men uniform.

Meanwhile a distraught man named Mr. Kincaid, the father of the mutant called Mercury, has gone to the media and publicly denounced Cyclops and the X-Men as villains who are holding his daughter against her will on Utopia. This is of course untrue, but it has created quite a sensitive political situation for Cyclops. One that Deadpool intends to resolve...by assassinating Mr. Kincaid...

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HELLO, DAD? IT'S ME.
CESSILY! I'M SO GLAD YOU--!
DAD, LISTEN TO ME, YOU'RE IN--
I'VE BEEN SO WORRIED ABOUT YOU, CESSILY...ARE THEY TREATING YOU OKAY? HOW WERE YOU ABLE TO CONTACT ME?
HOW WAS I...? DAD, ALL I HAD TO DO WAS PICK UP THE PHONE! IT'S NOT LIKE I'M A PRISONER...
LISTEN, HONEY--
"HONEY"?!
--I KNOW YOU'RE SCARED. I'M SCARED FOR YOU. BUT DADDY'S WORKING ON GETTING YOU OUT OF THERE, OKAY?
DAD, WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? I'M HERE BECAUSE I WANT TO BE HERE--DON'T YOU GET THAT?!
AND BY THE WAY, DON'T THINK I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'RE DOING ALL OF THIS--I KNOW THAT NORMAN OSBORN IS BAILING OUT YOUR COMPANY!
MOM GOT EVERYTHING IN THE DIVORCE AND NOW YOU'RE JUST USING ME TO--!
MERCURY.
MAYBE I SHOULD HANDLE THIS.

MR. KINCAID, MY NAME IS SCOTT SUMMERS--DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?
YES, I KNOW WHO YOU ARE...
YOU'RE CYCLOPS, LEADER OF THE X-MEN... AND THE MAN WHO IS HOLDING MY JUVENILE DAUGHTER AGAINST HER-- AND MY--WILL.
THAT'S...NOT TRUE, SIR.
OH, BUT IT IS--!
SIR, YOU ARE IN GRAVE DANGER.
DID YOU JUST SAY I'M IN DANGER?
YES.
THERE IS SOMEONE COMING AFTER YOU--
STOP TALKING--!
"HE'S ON TELEVISION RIGHT NOW!"
...ARE YOU THREATENING ME?

SON OF A...
MR. KINCAID, LET ME BE VERY CLEAR: I AM NOT THREATENING YOU. I AM SIMPLY ADVISING YOU OF YOUR SITUATION.
THAT SOUNDS LIKE A THREAT TO ME...
OH, FOR...
HAS DOMINO FOUND DEADPOOL YET?
NOT YET, BUT SHE'S--
HOLD ON-- THEY'RE BROADCASTING LIVE?!
WELL, THERE'S PROBABLY A FEW SECONDS OF DELAY, BUT...
TELL HER TO GO THERE.
NOW.
LIVE IN THE STUDIO

THIS INTERVIEW IS OVER.
BLAM!
X-MEN
NOW, THEN...
Maybe appearing on live television wasn't such a good idea?
HOW COULD IT NOT BE A GOOD IDEA?!
Umm...
"...Because Norman Osborn is gonna see it?"
AND WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU TODAY, NORMAN?
ACTUALLY, I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT WHAT YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO DO FOR ME.
BUT DIDN'T.
LUCKY FOR YOU, HE'S CURRENTLY MAKING THE X-MEN LOOK LIKE *#$% ON LIVE TELEVISION.
"SUMMERS MUST BE %$*#&$# IN HIS PANTS RIGHT ABOUT NOW."

CYCLOPS, DOMINO JUST CALLED IN--SHE'S ON-SITE!
SHE SAYS NOT TO WORRY.
DEADPOOL IS ABOUT TO EXECUTE A POLITCALLY SENSITIVE TARGET ON LIVE TELEVISION...
"...AND I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO WORRY?"
YOU WANT IT IN THE FRONT OR THE BACK?
P-PLEASE... N-NO--
YOU WANT IT IN THE NOSE?! ALL RIGHT, MAN, IT'S YOUR PARTY...
KRRUUSSSSSHHHH!
UNNG--!
WHAT KINDA... SHODDY OPERATION IS THIS?!
KINCAID GOT AWAY.
O.S.H.A. WILL HEAR ABOUT THIS!

THIS IS THE SAN FRANCISCO POLICE DEPARTMENT!
WOW, THAT WAS QUICK...
Well, we did give 'em a pretty big heads-up, what with the live coverage and all...
YEAH, WELL, THEY SHOULD'A STAYED AT THE DONUT SHOP...
We SO can't shoot those cops.
K-CHAK!
WELL, NOT FATALLY, OF COURSE...
NOT AT ALL. WE'RE TRYING TO JOIN THE X-MEN, REMEMBER?
WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL? THE X-MEN KILL COPS ALL THE TIME! THEY EVEN RECORDED THAT SONG--!
That was Ice-T.
IT WAS?
GEEZ, HOW'D I GET THOSE TWO CONFUSED...?
RRRINNGG!
HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR.
WISH I HAD SOME HOSTAGES...
HOW THE HELL AM I GETTIN' OUTTA HERE?
BY FOLLOWING ME.
QUICKLY.

FIFTY MINUTES LATER...
OKAY, SO... I'VE GOT DEADPOOL UNDER CONTROL.
HOW?
"PLEASE DON'T ASK."
X-MEN
HOO-BOY... IF I HAD A NICKEL FOR EVERY TIME I WOKE UP IN THIS PREDICAMENT...
You'd have a nickel.
UH-UH! WHAT ABOUT THAT TIME IN THE ZOMBIE DOCTOR'S CASTLE?
Pillories don't count.
YES THEY DO!
ACTUALLY, I THINK PILLORIES COUNT DOUBLE...

WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?
CAN YOU TALK TO HIM?
HEH.
DOUBTFUL.
TALKING TO DEADPOOL IS LIKE... I DUNNO...
...IT'S LIKE TALKING TO SOMEONE WHO'S BEING ATTACKED BY BEES.
THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT.
EVERYONE OUT, PLEASE.
EXCEPT YOU.
I NEED DEADPOOL OUT OF THE PICTURE.
PERMANENTLY?
AS PERMANENTLY AS POSSIBLE...

WHY?
"WHY"!? BECAUSE HE DOESN'T DESERVED TO BE SLAUGHTERED JUST BECAUSE HE--
DIDN'T COME HERE TO SLAUGHTER 'IM.
YEAH, RIGHT! I HEARD YOU TALKING TO CYCLOPS!
WHAT'D YA HEAR? THAT I'M SUPPOSED TO TAKE DEADPOOL OUTTA THE PICTURE?
YES!
I WAS GONNA TAKE HIM WITH ME ON A "SPECIAL MISSION." TO CHINA.
WHICH IS PRETTY FAR OUTTA THE PICTURE, WOULDN'T YA SAY?
YOU... WEREN'T GONNA...?
NOPE. BUT NOW, I MIGHT NOT HAVE ANY CHOICE.
THANKS TO YOU.
WHERE'S HE HEADED?
I...I DON'T KNOW.
HE SAY ANYTHING BEFORE HE LEFT?
Y-YEAH, BUT--
ANYTHING WOULD HELP.
SERIOUSLY?

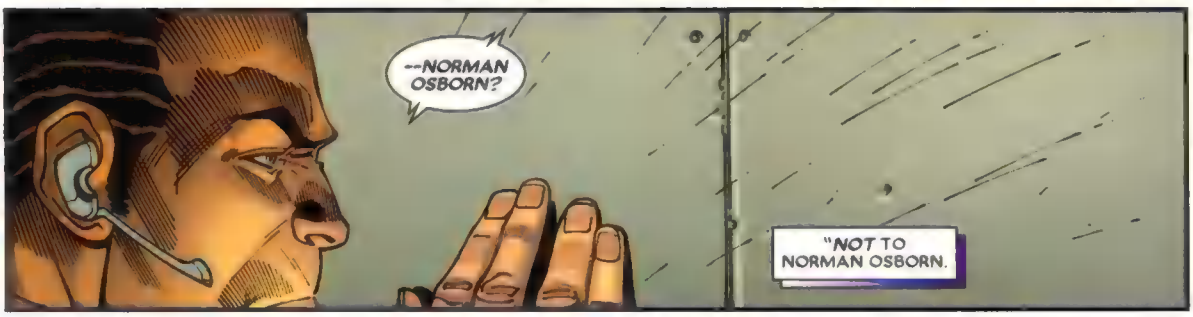
"I REALLY DOUBT IT."
COWS SCARE THE *#$% OUTTA ME.
X-MEN
EARLIER:
WHAT?!
LOOK, YOU GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE. NOW.
YOU EVER HAD ONE OF 'EM STARE YOU DOWN? IT'S CHILLING!
AND THAT'S ALL THEY DO! STARE AT YOU. WAITING.
WHAT'RE YOU SCARED OF?
NOTHING.
AH, C'MON-- EVERYBODY'S SCARED OF SOMETHING...
I'M NOT LEAVING UNTIL YOU TELL ME.
CHICKENS.
CHICKENS!? ME, TOO! WHY'RE YOU AFRAID OF 'EM?
BECAUSE-- Y'KNOW WHAT?
NONE OF YOUR GODDAMN BUSINESS. THAT'S WHY.
SHHHHH
HOT

WELL, I THINK WE'VE ELIMINATED "*FARM*" AS A POSSIBLE CURRENT LOCATION FOR DEADPOOL...
HA, HA.
C'MON.

WHERE ARE WE GOING?
SAME PLACE *DEADPOOL* IS-- WHEREVER *ELLIS KINCAID* IS HIDING.
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK HE'S *HIDING?*
AFTER WHAT HAPPENED AT THE TELEVISION STUDIO, WHAT MAKES YOU THINK HE *ISN'T?*

"PIECE O' *$#% IS PROBABLY *WETTING* HIMSELF, HE'S SO SCARED."
AW, *JEEZ...*
"WHERE DO YOU THINK HE'LL RUN TO?"

"WITH ANY *LUCK?*"
H-HELLO? IS THIS--


--*NORMAN OSBORN?*
"*NOT* TO NORMAN OSBORN.

"'CAUSE NO MATTER HOW BADLY DEADPOOL WANTS TO KILL ELLIS KINCAID..."
CALM DOWN, ELLIS--YOU HAVE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT...
"...OSBORN WANTS IT *MORE.*
"'CAUSE IT'D MAKE *THE X-MEN* LOOK LIKE *#$*%.*"

LOOK AROUND YOU, ELLIS--DO YOU SEE A *BLACK VAN*?
Y-YEAH...?
THOSE ARE MY MEN. GO TO THEM.

"THEY WILL TAKE YOU TO A *SECURE* LOCATION."
UH...*GUYS*?
I'M NOT FEELIN' TOO, UH, *SECURE* HERE...

TRUST, DUDE.
"DUDE"...?
WE'RE PROFESSIONALS.

S-SO YOU'VE...DONE THIS BEFORE?
NOPE--SSSLLURP!
JUST GOT PROMOTED THIS MORNIN'.
AN' SO DID MY HOMEY!

H.A.M.M.E.R. AGENTS 4 LIFE!

WOLVERINE, THIS IS PRODIGY:
ELLIS KINCAID HAS BEEN SPOTTED ON SECURITY CAMS AT THE POWELL STREET STATION.
ALONE?
NO--LOOKS LIKE HE'S PICKED UP A H.A.M.M.E.R. ESCORT.
DAMN. CROWDS?
HEAVY.
WE'RE ON IT.

12 MINUTES LATER
HAS HE MOVED?
NO, STILL THERE. HE MAY BOLT, THOUGH--HE LOOKS SCARED.
HE OUGHTTA BE...

"...HE'S A SITTIN' DUCK."
GUYS? D'YOU THINK WE COULD...I DUNNO, GET THE HELL OUTTA HERE?
NO WAY, DUDE-MAN. DIRECTOR OSBORN SAID TO KEEP YOU HERE UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

"WOLVERINE, THIS IS CYCLOPS--DO YOU HAVE A PLAN?"
YUP. WORKIN' ON IT RIGHT NOW.
GOOD. I WANT KINCAID SECURED, BUT WITH ALL THE NEGATIVE PRESS HE'S DRUMMED UP, WE CAN'T HAVE IT LOOK LIKE WE'RE ABDUCTING HIM.
WE'LL KEEP VISIBILITY TO ZERO.
IF POSSIBLE.

IF DEADPOOL SHOWS UP...
IF DEADPOOL SHOWS UP, ALL BETS ARE OFF.

MIND TELLIN' ME WHAT THE PLAN IS?
I'VE RIGGED THE POWER TO BLOW IN ABOUT FIVE MINUTES. SOON AS THE STATION GOES DARK, WE DROP DOWN...
"THROUGH A VENTILATION GRATE...
"...GRAB KINCAID AMIDST THE CONFUSION AN' SKIN OUT WITH NO ONE THE WISER."
"WHAT ABOUT HIS ESCORT?"
DUNKY DONUTS
PRODIGY?
DON'T WORRY ABOUT 'EM...
...THEY'RE MORONS.
WANNA DONUT, DUDE?
OH, HELLS YEAH!
I'M A DEAD MAN...

GET A MOVE ON, GIRL!
IT'S LIGHTS-OUT IN LESS THAN--
UMFF--!
I...
I... CAN'T MOVE FORWARD.
WHY?! YOU STUCK OR SOMETHIN'?
NO, I...
OH, GOD...
BRRAAAAAWWWK-KUK-KUK-KUK...

K-ZZZ-ZZ-IT!
101
VVVVVMMMMMMM
WOLVERINE TO CYCLOPS:
ALL BETS ARE OFF.
BUNNY DONUTS

IT'S A TERRORIST ATTACK!
RRRUUUUNNN!
HGK--!
WHOAH-- CHILL!
I'M NOT GONNA TELL YA AGAIN, DUDE...WE STAY HERE UNTIL--
DUDE MIGHT HAVE A POINT, DUDE--THIS LOOKS KINDA BAD...
YOU THINK THIS MIGHT BE KINDA BAD?
HOW #$%*$#% STUPID ARE YOU?!
Powell
HOW COULD THIS POSSIBLY BE ANY WORSE?!

NOW IN THE STREETS THERE IS VIOLENCE...
KZZZZIT!
AND-AND-AND LOTS OF WORK TO BE DONE...
TO BE CONCLUDED

NEXT ISSUE